

THE LIGUORIAN

In the Service of

OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

March - - - - - 1930

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PRAISE!

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVIII.

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

Gabriel

ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION

No glistening eyes shot through with purest love,
No golden hair reflecting heaven's light,
No beauteous form with grace of flying dove,
No face—is thine, to charm my earthbound sight.

But like a thought that fills my wondering mind,
Or like a song that floats on summer air,
Or like the thrill of love-filled moonlit wind—
Like these—and more—Oh Angel! art thou fair.

And as in thought and fancy's loftiest flight,
I fashion there perfection's image bright
And dower it with charm of form and face,
So thou dost mould thy presence to spirit grace.

Thou art the prism through which earthward gleams
The radiance of God's unfathomed love;
For as the sun sends forth its golden beams
God spoke to us through thee from heaven above.

How pure thou must have been that grace to win,
To be the vehicle of God's white thought!
How near to Him—how dear—thou must have been,
That thee from all the angel hosts He sought!

Oh, make my mind and heart, dear Angel friend,
Each day more like thine own that they may be
So filled with God that they may ever send
The radiance of His love to all 'round me!

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey AT THE BOTTOM OF IT

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Would the dimmocrats, d'ye think, be runnin' Al Smith agin?"

Uncle Dan did not address the question to anybody in the room. If one could judge from what he was looking at, he addressed it to the corner of a pink-and-white cloud just visible over the sooty roof of the Mooney house next door.

It was really a delicate question to broach in view of the fact that Horace Woerdom, an alleged Methodist, and his wife, an ardent Methodist, were peaceful guests of the Monogue's at the moment.

Mary Rose shot a pained, troubled glance at her uncle as if to say: Why bring that up? But the old globe trotter, unabashed by the ominous silence that fell over the company, pressed the point by adding:

"Or wuddent they, I dunno." Perhaps the wrinkled veteran, who had been through so many battles, found peace palling on him. One could never tell what idea Uncle Dan might have in the back of his head.

At any rate, the moment he proposed the question, a close observer could have noticed a slight tightening of the lips and stiffening of the spine in the women; the men folk however settled down to discuss the matter on political grounds.

"The democrats will not nominate him again," Woerdom said; "they learned from the last campaign that a Catholic cannot be elected president of the United States."

"Why not? Why would not a Catholic make as good a president as anybody else?" Mrs. Monogue demanded.

"My dear," Mrs. Woerdom explained with chilling sweetness, "we have the highest esteem for our Catholic friends, but you know it would be unthinkable to have a Catholic president and his wife in the White House in this Protestant country."

"But at the same time, Mrs. Woerdom, don't you think the family in the White House ought to be honest and decent? Of recent years voters have really been paying too little attention to these important qualities. Ex-Governor Smith and his wife possess them. That is one reason they graced so well and so long the State House of New York." Mrs. Monogue was just as sugary and just as icy as her guest.

Mike Monogue feared the good ladies would pass entirely from politics to personalities. He hastened to join in the conversation and lead it back onto safer ground.

"Al Smith," he said was the democrats' best bet. No other man in the party could have made such a good run."

"I believe you are right there," Woerdom agreed, "but in 1932 the democrats want more than a good runner, they want a winner. Therefore their candidate must not be a Catholic."

"A Catholic might carry the elections in 1932."

"Not a chance—no more than in 1928."

"But the anti-Catholic bigotry stirred up in 1928 is dying out," Monogue insisted. "Many of the bigots are now thoroughly ashamed of themselves."

"Bigotry may be dying out," Woerdom conceded, "but reasoned opposition is as strong as ever. You have known me for years, Mike, and you can testify that I am not a bigot. Yet I voted against Al Smith because he is a Catholic."

"But that is bigotry—of the blackest kind!" Monogue, who had stepped in as a peacemaker, was warming up himself.

"Not at all," Woerdom replied. "You are no bigot; yet no matter what splendid qualities a young man might possess, if he were a Methodist, you would forbid Mary Rose to marry him."

"Dad wouldn't need to." She threw up her head and sent the answer back with a snap.

"That is quite a different case," Monogue cried.

"Where is the difference? You believe this young man's religion makes him an undesirable husband for your daughter, and you veto his suit. I believe Al Smith's religion makes him an undesirable president of the United States, and I vote against him. Where is the difference?"

"According to the Constitution any citizen has a right to be president, irrespective of his religious beliefs."

"The Constitution says nothing of the kind, Mike. According to the Constitution the only man who has a right to be president is the man who has been duly elected."

"But you have no right to oppose his election on account of his religion," Monogue urged.

"I have the right, I have even the duty, to oppose his election for

any reason, religious or otherwise, which, according to my honest belief, makes him undesirable for the position."

Monica, curled up like a tabby cat in the corner of the sofa, had closed the novel on her finger to follow the discussion. The moment Woerdom made this statement, she shot back at him:

"That's un-American."

"On the contrary, Miss Monica," Woerdom replied, amused at her vehemence," that is emphatically the duty of an American citizen, of a qualified voter, to oppose anybody he believes unfit for office."

"But you mustn't believe anybody unfit for office on account of his religion."

"Now *you* are un-American; you are trying to deprive me of freedom of thought, freedom of belief." He laughed so heartily that Monica threw down her book in anger and stalked out of the room.

All joined in the laugh at Monica's discomfiture. The strain was released. They were about to pass to indifferent topics when that irresponsible wretch of an Uncle Dan must spoil everything.

"If Americans would tind to their other jooties as hear-ry as they tind to th' jooty of votin' agin th' Catholics, 'twould be a wonderful country, begor."

That remark, of course, brought them back to the delicate question. Mike Monogue turned to his guest.

"Your argumentation sounds fair enough," he said, "but isn't there a flaw in it somewhere? Taking account of the religion of the candidate for whom you vote seems contrary to the traditions of this free country."

"Mike, human nature is pretty much the same in this country as it is in every other country. In this country as in every other country, religion has always influenced a goodly number of voters. Now that we have woman suffrage," he added with an exasperating grin at the ladies, "religion will have a greater influence than ever."

Mike Monogue was puzzling over the problem with puckered brows. "If a man is convinced," he was thinking aloud, "of course he ought to vote according to his convictions. And no harm will be done. But to get out and talk against a candidate on account of his religion, to try to keep others from voting for him, that is what stirred up all the trouble in the last campaign, that is surely wrong."

"But why?" Woerdom demanded. "If I am convinced a certain

candidate's religion makes him unfit for office, have I not a perfect right to get out and show this reason to other voters so that they will not make the mistake of putting him in office?"

While Monogue was ruminating over this argument, Emmet burst unceremoniously into the room. "Dad, there goes Father Casey down the other side of the street."

Monogue slapped his knee. "That's the man we want on this discussion. Shall we invite him in?"

Woerdom, who had frequent business dealings with him, knew and liked the priest. "Splendid!" he cried. "Emmet, run and ask him whether he can spare five minutes to umpire an important debate."

"Oh, you wouldn't—" Mrs. Woerdom gasped in panic. But the screen door slammed, and Emmet was already half way across the street. She lapsed into despairing silence.

After Father Casey had come in and called for the question, Uncle Dan did the meanest thing yet.

"They're all dyin' to have the honor of statin' the case to Yer Reverence, but be the laws of chivalry the privilege goes to the ladies and be the laws of hospitality, to the guest.—Mrs. Woerdom."

If looks could kill, Uncle Dan would have been immediately stretched out on the floor, a hideous corpse.

The good lady tried to excuse herself in the politest language she could summon. However, even her husband saw the humor of the situation and joined with the others in barring all ways of escape. She did not know Father Casey as her husband did. To her he was just a priest, and though she never said it in so many words, not even to herself, she had a vague, subconscious idea that a priest is a combination of cunning, hypocrisy, superstition, ambition, avarice, and lust. And she must talk familiarly with this priest and explain the subject under discussion. How could she do it? She plunged.

"Is it wrong to vote against a man on account of his religion?"

"Not at all—if you have sufficient reasons."

They all gasped in surprise. The priest, of all men, had pronounced it all right to vote against a man on account of his religion. True, he had added a condition—if you have sufficient reasons.

"What would you call sufficient reasons?"

Several asked this question at the same moment. Mrs. Woerdom surely was not one of them, yet the priest turned to her as though

she had been the principal interrogator. She squirmed in her chair as she submitted to the ordeal.

"Well, Mrs. Woerdom," he began, "I can make my meaning much more clear by a concrete example. I have no doubt you were discussing a concrete example—the last campaign, was it not?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"You had voted against Al Smith because he was a Catholic, and these Monogues were trying to make you out as bigoted and un-American for doing so?"

She softened considerably. This priest had real understanding. Still she was not going to shoulder the responsibility alone.

"My husband and I voted against Mr. Smith because he was a Catholic, and the discussion was whether we had done right or wrong."

"Did you vote against him because you are prejudiced, bigoted against the Catholic religion?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Did you vote against him because you think the government of this country should always be predominantly Protestant so that it may make laws without regard as to how they effect the Catholic citizens?"

"No; we would have the government take into consideration the legitimate rights of all citizens."

"Did you vote against Smith because there is a sort of traditional feeling in your family and in your circle of friends that it would not be the right thing to have a Catholic president of the United States?"

She paused just a moment, then she said: "No, sir. True, that feeling may exist to some extent, but we voted, not through feeling, but through conviction."

"The honest conviction that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are detrimental to our country, and that Smith, if elected, would probably put some of the doctrines into practice?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then," said the priest, "you acted rightly. If you had the honest conviction that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are detrimental to our country, and that Smith, if elected, would probably put some of these doctrines into practice, then it was not only your right to vote

against Smith on account of his religion, it was your duty to do so and to induce others to do the same."

For a few moments nobody spoke. The priest continued:

"Mrs. Woerdom, I am surprised to find that you have made such a deep study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church."

"A study of the doctrines of the Catholic Church! Why do you suppose that?"

"To understand how the doctrines of the Catholic Church would effect the civil organization of this country is a profound and intricate question, and of course you could not arrive at an honest conviction in the matter without an exact and correct knowledge of what the doctrines of the Catholic Church really are. What Catholic authors did you read on the subject?"

"I did not read any Catholic authors," she returned rather haughtily.

"What? You were content to get all your knowledge of Catholic doctrines from non-Catholic or anti-Catholic writers. You know they often mis-state Catholic doctrines through lack of knowledge or even through downright malice. Your conviction, therefore, is not honest; you based it in prejudiced information." After saying this, he asked a direct question: "What particular Catholic doctrine did you think would hurt the country if Smith had been elected?"

"Oh, ever so many," she evaded.

"For example?" he insisted.

"Why—for example—the—the terrible things that happen in convents."

Mary Rose was blazing with anger. "Nothing terrible happens in convents," she cried. "Anybody with a clean mind wouldn't read all those lies—"

"Bertha, Bertha," Woerdom expostulated with his wife, "don't let these people think we are ignorant enough to believe such dirty falsehoods. I have first hand knowledge of so many convents that I know these charges are simply impossible. But, Father Casey," he continued, deftly taking the argument out of his wife's hands, "there are well-known doctrines of the Catholic Church which we believe would harm our country, for instance the doctrine on the authority of the Pope, on the public schools, on union of Church and State, on marriage."

"Do you know the exact doctrine of the Catholic Church on these

subjects?—or any one of them? Come, take your choice. What is the doctrine of the Church on the authority of the Pope?"

Woerdom laughed good-naturedly. "Now, Father Casey, have a heart. Don't drive a fellow into a corner like that. Of course I do not know these exact doctrines. I took them on hearsay from enemies of the Church. Of course it was unfair to condemn the Catholic Church without a more certain knowledge of what it teaches. But you must not be too hard on us; we were brought up that way."

"And even if these supposed doctrines were true," the priest urged his point, "you know Al Smith's record; you know the limitations of the presidency; therefore you know very well that he could not and would not do anything to hurt the public schools, to subject the country to the Pope, to unite Church and State. On the other hand, you did not know that certain candidates for congress were very likely to sell themselves to a powerful trust or to a well-entrenched lobby and make laws inimical to the country. Yet you voted against Smith and you voted for these candidates. What does that show? Does it show that you voted only with an honest desire for the best interests of the country?"

Woerdom was determined to steer the conversations out of serious channels. He leaned towards the priest and said in a stage whisper:

"Father Casey, I'll tell you what it shows; it shows that my wife voted against Smith through downright bigotry—and that I had to do the same to keep peace in the family."

And at last Uncle Dan seemed to be satisfied.

BEAUTIFYING COSMETICS

Many years ago an old New England lady wrote out the following list of toilet articles, and advised all girls to acquire and use them:

First: Self-knowledge, a mirror showing the form in the most perfect light.

Second: Innocence, a white paint, beautiful, but easily soiled and requiring continual care to preserve its luster.

Third: Modesty, a rouge giving a delightful bloom to the cheeks.

Fourth: Contentment, an infallible smoother of wrinkles.

Fifth: Truth, a salve rendering the lips soft and delicious.

Sixth: Gentleness, a cordial imparting sweetness to the voice.

Seventh: Good humor, a universal beautifier.—*Boston Transcript*.

THERESE NEUMAN AGAIN

A recent letter from one of our Redemptorist houses in Bavaria recounts a very touching incident concerning Therese Neuman, the stigmatic virgin of Konnersreuth. The incident takes on a special interest, in-so-far as it concerns one of our own missionaries. We give the story as it was told to us.

On January 8, 1929, there died in our Redemptorist house in Cham, Bavaria, a great missionary, and shining exemplar of the spiritual life—Reverend Joseph Schleinkofer. After his death, Therese Neuman saw his soul in the fiery flames of Purgatory. The parish priest of Konnersreuth, on hearing this, was very much grieved, since as a boy he had received many favors and kindnesses from the hands of Father Schleinkofer. Accordingly he was most anxious to obtain the release of his soul, and he asked Therese Neuman if she would do something to this end. Strange to say, she refused, saying that God did not wish her to pray or suffer for this soul. Nothing daunted, the good parish priest and his assistant set to work with much zeal, praying long and fervently that God in His mercy might release the suffering soul of his benefactor. After three weeks spent in this manner, God permitted Therese Neuman to make satisfaction for the soul of Father Schleinkofer. The priests continued in their prayers, while Therese prayed and suffered intensely. At length the imprisoned soul attained to that state, in which it longed for the beatific vision and to be united with God. (For theologians tell us that the souls in Purgatory realize their unworthiness to enter Heaven, so vividly, that they do not even wish to enter there, until their souls are purged of all stain of sin.)

Shortly afterwards the soul of Father Schleinkofer was released from Purgatory, and in the presence of the parish priest of Konnersreuth and his assistant, appeared to Therese to express his heartfelt thanks. Imagine the feelings of those two priests as they heard once more the voice of Father Schleinkofer—identically the same voice they knew so well in life; they heard every word, and understood everything he said. He spoke for a long time, telling Therese that he would never forget the great favor she had done for him: he exhorted her to continue to offer prayers and sufferings for the afflicted souls in Purgatory.

As for Therese, she cried and wept bitterly, and begged that when

he would enter Heaven, she might be allowed to accompany him. "Permit me, Oh! permit me to accompany you," was her heartrending cry. It was a scene, ne'er to be forgotten—this soul, longing, begging, pleading to be united with her Spouse in Heaven.

Then Therese saw the soul of Father Schleinkofer enter into Heaven, and there saw his relatives, his father and his mother, come to greet him. For, often does Therese see the relatives meet the souls of their dear ones, and conduct them to the throne of God.

Regarding the judgment of these affairs at Konnersreuth, we can but refer you to the book, recently written by the Protestant Doctor Gerlich. The author treats her sickness in a merely historical manner, from which Therese is miraculously liberated and healed, and in which she sees many wonderful visions. The result of his investigation is this: that the doctors who were given charge of her, treated her case rather superficially and not without great prejudice did they say that the healing and the visions were due to hysteria, which, however, could not be explained naturally.

Quite sarcastically does the doctor add that the physicians of Konnersreuth present greater psychological enigmas in their explanations, than does Therese herself.

THE ONLY PEACE

A few years before his death, Francois Coppee, French poet and penitent, was asked by the Director of the Mercure de France what his conception of religion was. In his letter he answered: "In this one word: Credo."

To believe—to love—to suffer—to repent: that was the secret of life discovered by the poet on his bed of pain. That secret he would share with all the world in his desire to let men know what folly sin really is.

"I have been like to you," he wrote, "poor sinner of the troubled soul! As you, I was then very miserable and I sought by instinct a confidant full of tenderness and clemency. I found Him. Do as I have done. Open your Gospels and return to the cross!"

The end of our creation is to love and serve God here, and to enjoy Him hereafter.

St. Louis King of France

MOST GLORIOUS RULER

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

His heart was joyous and light because that pure heart was bathed in the bright sunlight of the grace of God. There is no room for gloom in the heart that belongs to God, and where God dwells there is light and joy and peace. Louis was nineteen at the time of his marriage. It was said that at this time he was showing a marked preference for a beautiful girl of a station in life so far beneath the throne, that a marriage with her would have caused serious trouble in the realm and would have caused those recalcitrant nobles to league themselves together and once again try to enhance their power and wealth by a civil war. Blanche explained the danger of his choice and the harm it would do the kingdom at large. Again, Louis, as he never failed to do, sacrificed his own desires for the welfare of his people. He generously agreed to marry the princess selected by his mother, who according to Queen Blanche's judgment would be most acceptable to his people.

"Blanche belonged to that class of people who desire to play the part of Providence to those whom they love, and to regulate their destiny in everything. Louis was nineteen; he was handsome after a refined and gentle style which spoke of moral worth. He had delicate and chiseled features, a brilliant complexion and light hair, abundant and glossy, which, through his grandmother Isabel, he had inherited from the counts of Hainault. In his dress he displayed exquisite and refined taste. He was very fond of all out-door sports—the tests of the tournament, hunting, hounds, and hawking-birds.

At this time there lived in southern France, Count Raymond Beranger, Count of Provence. His eldest daughter, Margaruite, "who was held" say the chronicles, "to be the most noble, the most beautiful and the best educated princess of that time in Europe." Margaruite was Blanche's choice. Louis asked for her hand in marriage. The Count of Provence was overjoyed at the proposal. Princess Margaruite arrived escorted by a brilliant embassy, and the marriage was celebrated at Sens, on May 27th, 1234.

"Never was damozel more nobly nurtured, gentler nurtured or more courteous than Margaruite of Provence; never one so schooled in sense,

urbanity and all good breeding. Richly is she endowed with virtuous amenities and precocious talent. Sound in judgment and prudent in her womanly reserve, she is moreover frankly generous, and kindliness is her most winsome charm."

She adopted as her emblem the wild daisy, known also as the Margarite—"Queen of the meadow and handmaid of Heaven." Louis gave true expression for the love he bore his wife and mother, his Faith and country in the ring he designed and wore from the day of his wedding to the day of his death. The set or stone was a magnificent sapphire of deep blue, and this in Christian art is the symbol of the calm protecting influence of motherhood. Just above this beautiful sapphire was a cross, the symbol of his Faith, and beautifully entwined about this cross was the flower of his Queen,—the daisy, and flower of his country,—the fleur-de-lys, the lily of France. On the ring was this noble and significant inscription: "Hors cet anel ou trouver amour?" "Beyond this ring where is love to be found?"

The day after the wedding the Queen was anointed and crowned. Two days of splendour and merry making, yes, but two nights, the first two nights of his married life, Louis spent in prayer in unbroken communion with his God. Louis realized the sanctity of marriage, its many duties and weighty obligations. To fulfill these duties, to meet these obligations, Louis also realized that he needed the grace and blessing of God.

RULER IN HIS HOME

Blanche, the Queen Mother, was insanely jealous of the wife of her son, Margaruite of Provence. Queen Blanche would not peacefully permit them to be together at all during the day if she could at all prevent it. We have seen how she tried to drag Louis away from the bedside of his wife, who, after childbirth, was thought to be dying. All these aroused a bitter feeling of resentment in the heart of the young Margaruite, who was naturally of a proud and determined character. St. Louis treated his mother with the greatest consideration, and his wife with the greatest tenderness. He patiently bore with their failings, and generously forgave them. He had sense enough to see that in dealing with the jealousy of women reasoning, and argument were of no avail, and harshness and severity were worse than useless. Although they caused him the greatest sorrow and vexation, he showed them only love and sympathy. He found ways of satisfy-

ing his mother by apparently keeping apart from his wife during the day and at the same time pleasing his wife by his shrewdness in seeing her frequently without his mother's knowledge.

The castle Louis loved best was at Pontoise. Here his apartments were immediately above those of Margaruite's. There was a winding staircase connecting the two apartments and on this staircase Louis would sit and converse with his queen, Margaruite. A page was stationed before his door and another before the door of Margaruite, and they were instructed to keep a strict watch for Queen Blanche. If she was seen approaching either apartment they were to rap on the door and at once the royal couple would fly to their own apartment. If Blanche entered the rooms of King Louis, she found him at his desk working most diligently. If she came to Margaruite's apartment, Blanche found the young Queen busily engaged with the magnificent tapestry that made the young Queen famous throughout Europe. Blanche would leave perfectly satisfied that they were not enjoying each other's company, and the young people had a wonderful thrill in, — as we would say today,—“putting it over on the old lady.”

But when there was question of justice, or the welfare of his people, or the glory of God, Louis IX knew no compromise. More than once he absolutely disregarded the most ardent prayers of wife and mother, when he saw that they were in the wrong. When leaving for the Crusades, his wife fully expected that as the reigning Queen of France, she would most certainly act as the Regent during his absence. But, no, Louis realizing the superior ability of his mother, and having just cause to mistrust the ambition and imprudence of his wife, he formally appointed his mother, thus making the proud Margaruite the immediate subject of Blanche whom she so much disliked. When Louis discovered that Margaruite had induced his eldest son and heir to take a vow that after he had ascended the throne he would have no other councillor than his mother, and that he would take no action without first consulting her, Louis immediately wrote to the Holy Father and had the young Prince freed from the oath he had taken. Margaruite was urged to take this step because of her dislike for the Count of Anjou, Charles, the brother of her husband, and also to curtail the power of her mother-in-law, Queen Blanche.

Within his household, Louis reigned with love and tenderness and a policy of conciliation, but nevertheless he ruled. In effect, he had

complete sway over the hearts of mother, wife and children.

Louis made a careful study of the character and disposition of each of his children. He was never too busy to make leisure every day at least for an hour's affectionate intercourse with sons and daughters and his son-in-law, the young King of Navarre. All of these young people knelt around him every night for family prayers, and they learned from his example and precept little practices of piety in honor of the Saviour and His Blessed Mother, and such simple acts of penance as were suited to their age and strength. Many were the pious tales he told them of the good princes he would have them imitate, and sometimes, too, he touched upon the crimes and heartless pride of others who came to an evil end. "I tell you these things," he was careful to add, "that so you may avoid every thing that is displeasing to God."

His eldest son, Louis, and his young son-in-law, King of Navarre, frequently accompanied Louis on his visits of mercy to the hospitals. At the opening of the hospital of Compiegne, or the Quinze-Vingts, Louis carried the first patient into the hospital wrapped in a silken sheet. The young King of Navarre and Prince Louis carried the second. At this time the Prince Louis was sixteen years of age, "tall, brave and marvelously wise and gracious." He often waited on the poor beggars who were fed in the great kitchen of the Louvre. This did not meet with the approval of the courtiers, and when they saw the heir of France on his knees to wash a beggar's feet, they made complaint to the King. But Louis IX would not have them blame the boy. No action that he approved could be degrading to his son, and Louis continued to nurture in the heart of the boy those gentler flowers of pity and kindness which had scant room to unfold in the austere atmosphere of Queen Blanche's guardianship.

"Fair son," he once said to him, "I pray thee make thyself loved by the people of thy kingdom. Know for a certainty that I would have rather a stranger from a country as remote as Scotland come and rule over my people than that thou shouldst rule them ill."

But at Christmastide of 1259, this beautiful and pious young prince died. His death was a terrible shock to the holy king. Like all saints, he loved most ardently, and was deeply sensitive in the matter of human affection. His second son, Philip, was by no means as promising a ruler as Louis. Philip was an impetuous, stubborn boy. It was

Philip whom Margaruite induced to take the oath never to act without her consent, and to make no alliance without her sanction. Pope Urban at the King's request freed the young prince from this rash engagement. Long anguished nights did the Saint spend on his knees in prayer at that time till more than once he fell to the ground exhausted and his chamberlains had to help him back to bed.

RULER IN HIS KINGDOM

King Louis lived and labored and suffered for the object of his heart's love,—for his mother, his wife, his children, his country; and in the cause of his Faith he not only suffered, but in the cause of his Faith he gave his life.

When we study his domestic life, we can truthfully say that in this phase of his life, he truly was "The Most Glorious Ruler of France." As we study the other phases of his life on the throne, we can in all sincerity say the same.

Guizot tells us that there were greater diplomats on the French throne because their life of intrigue and self advancement demanded the deepest shrewdness. Louis IX did not have occasion to show any cunning for he did no plotting, but in the government of his people and in his intercourse with other nations he practiced to an exalted degree the virtues of prudence and justice.

There were other kings of France who were greater generals. Louis did not carry on any wars of conquest. Napoleon led France to the heighth of power and grandeur, but it did not remain there. Napoleon dragged his nation down again to lower degree than when he ascended the throne. When he went into exile, he left his country deeply involved in debt and saturated with blood of her armies, not only the soil of France, but also the battlefields of Europe."

"Louis was neither an egotist nor a scheming diplomatist," says Guizot; "he was in all sincerity in harmony with his age and sympathetic alike with the Faith, the institutions, the customs, and the tastes of France in the Thirteenth Century."

He bears out this statement that Louis IX was the Most Glorious Ruler of France, when he says: "Both in the Thirteenth Century and later times St. Louis stands apart as a man of profoundly original character, *an isolated figure without any peer among his contemporaries or his successors*. As far as it was possible in the Middle Ages, he was an ideal man, king and Christian."

Guizot goes even further when he says: "St. Louis did honor to France, to royalty, to humanity, and to Christianity. This was the feeling of his contemporaries, and after six centuries it is still confirmed by the judgment of every historian."

In the preceding chapter we have seen how kindly Louis IX dealt with his subjects, and particularly the poor. He was always inclined to favor them especially when they were attacked by the nobles of his realm. We have seen his wonderful charity, his patience, his self-forgetfulness in laboring for the welfare of his subjects. And we have seen what he has accomplished for education and the civilization of Europe at large. But it is in considering his magnanimity and generosity to his enemies that we see the greatness of his character and sincerity of his marvelous sanctity.

We will speak first of the clemency Louis IX showed to that rebel, that inveterate enemy of the crown, Hugh de Lusignan, Count of La Marche. Hugh was one of the three great nobles who absented themselves from the coronation of the King's bride, Queen Margaruite. The other two, as may well be supposed, were the same recalcitrants that rebelled so frequently against the crown,—Theobald and Mauclerc. They were actually engaged in that last little scheme of rebellion which in its failure rendered them still more dependent on the king of France.

In the summer of 1241 Louis held high court at Saumur, when he knighted his brother Alphonse and made him Count of Poitou, and Governor of this territory that had within its boundaries many of the lands of Angouleme and La Marche. Hitherto Hugh de Lusignan had been accustomed to deal directly with the King, now he would have an immediate superior over the territory in which he had reigned so long as feudal lord. This angered him beyond words. His wife, widow of King John of England, Isabella of Angouleme profiting by his anger and chagrin induced him to rebel and swear allegiance to her son Henry III of England.

The break came on Christmas day. Alphonse, the new Count of Poitou, sent a formal summons to all his vassals to offer him their greetings and their homage at Nevers. Hugh of La Marche and his wife, Isabella, Lady of Angouleme, came in answer to the summons, but when they appeared before Alphonse, brother of King Louis, Hugh assumed a very bold and rebellious attitude. Standing defiantly before his master with his sword partly drawn he cried: "Alphonse, Count

of Poitou, I own no homage to thee nor to any son of Blanche. I am subject only to my Lord, Henry III." And quitting the presence abruptly he set fire to his lodge at Nevers, and rode off in haste with his wife to make ready for the struggle that was sure to follow.

Louis took the field at once to punish this outrage against his representative. His march south was a triumphal progress, as one by one the castles of La Marche were taken by assault, or surrendered without striking a blow. Hugh—or Isabella sent to Henry of England for assistance. Henry III answered the appeal in person with a very small retinue and thirty kegs of gold coins; for the English barons preferred to pay scutage, to fighting over seas in the interests of Count de La Marche.

According to Guizot, Hugh de Lusignan, Count of La Marche couched his defiance of Alphonse in the following words: "I might have thought in a moment of weakness and forgetfulness to do thee homage; but now I swear to thee with a resolute heart, that I will never be thy liegeman; thou dost unjustly dub thyself my lord, thou didst shamefully filch this countship from my stepson, Earl Richard, whilst he was faithfully fighting for God in the Holy Land.

After this insolent declaration, the Count of La Marche violently thrust aside, by means of his men at arms, all those who barred his passage; and by way of a parting insult fired the lodging appointed for him by Count Alphonse, and followed by his people left Saumur at full gallop.

This meant war; and it burst out at the commencement of the following spring. It found Louis well prepared and determined to follow it through.

Henry III of England, step-son of Hugh de Lusignan, wrote King Louis telling him that he felt his duty in supporting his step-father's cause a sufficient reason to break his truce. Louis answered that he always had inviolably preserved their truce but that he felt that he was perfectly justified in punishing a rebellious vassal.

Henry III immediately set sail for France to join in the war of rebellion. He found that his own mother Isabella had deceived him. She had written to him signing her husband's name to all her letters, telling Henry how many of the great vassals of France would rally to their standard if he would but cross the channel and take up their cause against Louis IX.

On his arrival he soon saw that there was no possibility of defeating Louis. Henry saw that he had been deceived. Accordingly, he asked permission of Louis to return to his country. All of the knights of King Louis laughed at the very thought of permitting an enemy who had entered their country for the sole purpose of waging war upon them to leave the country as easily as though he had come on a friendly visit. "Surely, Sire," they said, "you cannot permit Henry to return to England without first standing trial for breaking his truce with you, for declaring war against you. He must pay his fine, he must submit to his punishment." "Indeed, I shall let him go in peace," said Louis. "I would ask nothing better than that all of my enemies would thus peacefully depart forever from my kingdom."

When the French knights found Henry III a refuge at Bordeaux, deserted by the English and plundered by the Gascons, they began to make sport of the English king, "Hold! Hold!" said Louis, "turn him not to ridicule, and make me not hated of him by reason of your banter; his charities and his piety shall exempt him from all contempt."

Still more do we see the greatness of the soul of Louis IX in his forgiveness of Hugh de Lusignan and his wife Isabella. Hugh de Lusignan, as we have seen, had plotted to seize the person of the king, when Louis was a mere child. He had refused to attend the coronation of his sovereign and he had refused with an insulting message to take the oath of fealty before the tower of the Louvre, and many times had he openly revolted against Louis. Now, he was completely at the mercy of his king. When Hugh and his wife were admitted to the presence of Louis to ask for mercy, "With sobs and tears they threw themselves on their knees before him and began to cry aloud, 'Most gracious sire, forgive us thy wrath and thy displeasure, for we have acted wickedly and pridefully before thee'." On hearing this, Louis quickly told the count and his wife to rise. He freely forgave them all the evil they had wrought against him. As long as the war had lasted Louis conducted it with great vigor and heroism; but he was always a true and generous knight towards his adversaries, full of respect for the laws of chivalry and for feudal honor. His brother Alphonse, the Count of Poitou had been seriously wounded at the siege of Fontenay, and when after a brave resistance the place was taken, the son of the Count of La Marche was among the prisoners. Some of his counsellors suggested that the king inflict severe punishment on

the young man in order to avenge the wounding of his brother, and the trouble the king had had to overcome the obstinate defense of the town. "No," said Louis, "how can a son merit death for simply obeying his father, or vassals for having served their lord?"

Another example of his magnanimity was shown in his treatment of Hertold, Lord of Mirebeau, vassal of Henry III. Louis had heard of this lord's avowed hatred of himself and of the French. He knew that Hertold had told Henry III of his dislike for Louis and how much he hated to consider himself his subject. But Hertold found himself utterly defenseless, and presented himself with tears in his eyes before our great saint and said to him: "God in his anger has poured out upon me so many misfortunes that I am constrained, much against my will, to take refuge under your protection. Abandoned and forsaken, I throw myself in great sorrow before your royal excellence, begging you to accept and receive my castles, and the homage of my service! To this Louis replied with a gracious air, "Friend, I know that thou hast been with the English king. I know what thou hast said to him concerning me and my people. But you have been faithful to him, therefore I receive you heartily in your distress, and I will protect thee and thy possessions. Men so loyal to their lord as you have been, are those of whom I heartily approve, and the merciful heart should never be closed against them."

A prince who knew so well how to conquer and how to treat his vanquished enemies might have been tempted to abuse both victory and clemency, and to seek exclusively his own aggrandisement, but Louis was too thoroughly a Christian for this.

His most appreciative historian, Felix Faure, says: "The success of this campaign of 1242 did not lead him to make this the first step in a career of glory and conquest; his aim was rather to consolidate his victories by securing the benefits of peace to Western Europe, obtaining thereby prosperity for his enemies as well as for himself. This ended the struggle with his barons for the rest of his reign. Louis never had occasion to draw his sword again on his native soil. He was henceforth supreme in his kingdom."

History gives us the story of many a king who prostituted his God-given authority to his own selfish ends. How many monarchs yielded to the temptations that always surround positions of power! How many lent a willing ear to the flatterer, the panderer and the

sycophant! How many of them in their lust for gold, territory and dominion, flouted the authority of God and of His Church, and became the slaves of passion. This royal saint, our Glorious Patron, Louis IX stands out before our vision tonight, untarnished, untainted and unstained. In all this sordid history of rapine and greed and injustice, our Royal Patron stands before us in the character of a king who loved himself last, who was in every sense of the word the servant of his people, the champion of the poor and the oppressed and the humble vassal of the King of kings. Guizot, his great admirer says: "Honors, pleasures and power failed either to dazzle or intoxicate St. Louis. They held first place neither in his thoughts nor in his actions. If he had been born in the lowest worldly estate, or if he had occupied a position in which the claims of religion would have been most imperative; if he had been poor and obscure, a priest, a monk, a hermit, he could not have been more constantly or more zealously filled with the desire of living as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and of insuring by pious obedience to God here, the salvation of his soul hereafter."

Truly, in the life of this great Saint, we learn many a lesson; and one of the greatest among them is—loyalty to our duty: to the trust confided to our keeping by the Almighty God. This trust is none other than the duties of our state in life. His state in life was that of ruler of his people, and so sacred a trust did he hold this authority that he made of the office of king a constant source of benefit to his people, and of merit for his own soul, and of glory to God.

And, however hidden and obscure your lives may be, your life's work has identically the same object; benefit to your fellow men, merit for heaven and glory to your God. And, let me tell you again, that the fulfillment of your life's work is just as important in the sight of God as was the work of this great and royal Saint of seven centuries ago. Your life's work and your daily duties are synonymous. Life is a matter of work and duty from the very beginning. It started upon that plane from the time of our first parents, and to the end of the world this law of life will be always a law of labor and personal duties.

(To be continued.)

Who is more powerful in appeasing the wrath of the Judge than thou, who didst merit to be the Mother of the same Redeemer and Judge?—St. Anselm.

A VISIT TO THE SISTERS OF THE POOR

In Jorgensen's famous autobiography, telling the story of his conversion, we read the following account:

At that time I knew nothing about that wonderful Order which was founded in 1840 by a priest (Abbe Le Pailleur) and two devout servant-girls in the little Breton town of Saint Servan. One must read Felix Ribeyre's book (*Histoire des Petites Soeurs des Pauvres.*, Paris. 1868) in which the story is related of the growth of this evangelical mustard seed to a large tree, under which thousands upon thousands of deserted and unfortunate old people sought refuge and shelter. In the course of a quarter of a century the two worthy girls, who tended some blind women in a garret in Saint Servan, had grown into a community of 1,600 Sisters, who housed, fed and tended 12,000 old people. The poor servant-girl became Mere. Marie Augustine de la Compassion, Mother General of the Order, owning 106 houses, of which 75 are in France, eight in England, three in Holland, one in Ireland, eight in Belgium, one in Switzerland, ten in Spain. . . .

Ribeyre's book was written in 1868, and contains no mention of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Italy. They came later, and one of their houses is in Perugia.

Ballin and I stopped for a moment outside the gate, while my friend took out his note-case and put a note in his waistcoat pocket, where he could easily get it out. "The Sisters are dependent on almsgiving," he explained to me.

Then he rang the bell; the wicket was opened, and Ballin addressed the portress in French. A gleam of joy flashed over the Sister's good, peasant-girl face, but unfortunately the fact could not be disguised that we were not of her country. It was a little disappointment to her, but it did not lessen her kindness. The Mother Prioress was sent for. She was a small, middle-aged woman, whose face beneath the white coif had the same good, peasant-woman's expression as the portress sister's, and under the guidance of both nuns we saw the convent.

First they took us to the sick wards. In each of the clean white beds lay a poor old soul, often too feeble to give any answer to the greeting of the Prioress. Many had crooked limbs while others were suffering from severe sores and ulcers. Most of them, the Prioress said, were so helpless that they had to be tended like babies.

We went through several rooms. Altogether there were eighty invalids. Some of them, who were well enough to be taken outside, we found sitting in the small, richly flowered convent garden, smiling in the sunshine or chatting with each other.

"How many sisters are there to attend to these invalids?" Ballin asked.

"We are twelve" was the answer, "and of that number two are always in the kitchen, two in the laundry, and, as a rule, two are out seeking alms. Six remain to look after the sick."

Ballin gave his alms at the door. When it was closed behind us, with many expressions of thanks, he said to me: "Six sisters, six women for eighty patients of that kind! Now I can understand what I once read about Taine, that after a visit to the same sisters in Paris he is said to have asked the Prioress: 'But whence do you get the strength for such a hard life?' they happened to be standing outside the door of the chapel; the Prioress opened it and said, 'From here, monsieur!'"

Ballin and I had also seen the private chapel in the house we had just visited; and he and the Prioress had signed themselves with holy water at the entrance and genuflected to the altar in the choir with a sanctuary lamp before it. I had not dared to imitate them, and felt ashamed and grieved at not having the right to do more. How ardently did I not wish to kneel and pray as they did!

We ought to deal kindly with all, and to manifest those qualities which spring naturally from a heart tender and full of Christian charity, such as affability, charity, and humility. These virtues serve wonderfully to gain the hearts of men, and to encourage them to embrace things that are repugnant to nature. (St. Vincent de Paul.)

Good resolutions, like fainting ladies, need to be carried out.

Oh! 'tis sweet when life is failing
Back to look on labors blest—
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest.—Wiseman.

Trials are a file which rubs off much of the rust of self-confidence.

Houses

THE HOUSE OF PEACE

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I.

The late afternoon sunlight burnished the stained-glass windows of St. Matthew's Church with gold that shaded off into silver. It dodged its way down through the space between the church and the monastery that stood close by it till it was finally cut off by the converging shadows of the buildings themselves. But just as it reached the limit of its wandering, it made a quick turn into a window and placed a triumphant patch of brightness on the wall of one of the monastery cells. It was the cell of Brother Michael.

Now a Carmelite cell is not a very elaborate place. Brother Michael's was typical in that respect. First of all it was small and meagre looking—leaving but little if any room for the monk to walk around in it, if he so desired. Moreover it was bare of ornament and plain of furnishings, reminding one forcibly of the fact that poverty in practice as well as vow is not a myth. There was the table—plain and ordinary, close to the door on the right as you entered; on it a home-made rack stocked with a few volumes of theology, hagiography and asceticism. A large crucifix stood on the topmost shelf alone. Beyond the table along the right side of the room was the monk's trunk—rather battered and worn—bearing several travelling stickers half-peeled from its surface. On the other side of the room was a bed, with a chair beside it; again the word "plain" is enough to describe them. Beyond the trunk at the right and the bed at the left the room closed in again with the outer wall of the monastery—through the window of which the sunlight, as I have said, was gaily entering, as though happy over the privilege of gaining admission into the cell of a Carmelite.

At the table of the room sat Brother Michael Shanley, the sleeves of his thick, voluminous brown habit turned back slightly from his wrists, his Rosary, as it hung from his belt, dangling against the rungs of the chair—and a reminiscent, far-away look upon his features. Small of stature and ascetic of mien, he wore well an air of added gravity that perhaps might better be called the external garb of a holy, deep-rooted peace. In the depths of his Irish eyes just the hint re-

mained of the tragic days gone through when he had served in the trenches during the World War. Peace seemed to garb that too. He was now about a year from his Ordination to the priesthood.

At the present time, however, his mind was occupied on another score. Before him on the table lay a letter just received from his sister—and beside it an old worn photograph of her that he had always treasured and usually brought out of the drawer of his desk when he heard from her.

The picture had been taken of Maureen on the day she had left Ireland years before to enter on her career. It was long before Michael had entered the Carmelite Novitiate in America and he remembered well the events that had led up to his sister's departure from the old home they both had loved so well.

From her earliest years Maureen had had a knack for dancing. There was none in their parish so light of step, so rhythmic of body, so alive to music and melody as pretty little Maureen Shanley. None of their school entertainments had been complete without a bit of pretty dancing by her; she had always been welcomed with hand-clapping and encored by applause that would not be denied.

"Maureen will be famous some day," they had said of her, "there isn't her equal in the whole of Ireland."

"Sure the girl was born to dance," the old men would say, as they talked over her performances on the way home after they were over. "The stage won't be good enough for her some day."

Sure enough, the day had come when a famous show-man, coming down from London to visit the estate of relatives—chanced to witness Maureen in the role of dancer. He saw her talent at a glance. He sought an interview with her; told her to continue practicing till she was a bit older—and then to write to him and he would put her on the stage. The news became the talk of the town.

But not at the Shanleys—was it talked of very much. Of course they were proud of their girl, and as long as her departure for the stage was in the distant future—their worry remained beneath the surface—and they rather enjoyed the awed tones in which their fellow-citizens spoke of the honors that would be theirs when "Maureen would be famous." But when a few years had rolled by—and Maureen one day received a contract to be signed—and signed it—and made ready to leave her home—sorrow overwhelmed pride in the Shanley home.

How well Michael remembered the parting with Maureen those years ago. He had seen her often since—but his memories always seemed to skip those meetings and to go back to that parting so many years before. A little slip of a girl she was—they were all so worried for her—so sorry to see her go—so apprehensive of the life in store for her—it was a dreary morning for them all indeed.

Brother Michael shook off his memories and came back to the present. Here was a letter from Maureen. He had to answer it. And he began to wonder what he was going to say.

The truth was that deep down in Michael's heart there was an intense desire to wean Maureen away from the nomadic stage-life she was leading, to something better. He wondered if it was possible. She had been in almost every country in Europe; had traveled the United States from coast to coast with her vaudeville company; had acted before every kind of an audience until the lure of the foot-lights must have grown to be the life of her soul. And here on the other hand was he; only a poor Carmelite monk; no foot-lights or applause; no rushing eagerly from place to place; no fineries or luxuries; only a coarse brown habit and a bare little room and a life of prayer. But deep down in his heart and soul were a peace and joy the like of which he knew, could not be found in the whole wide world. He wondered if he could teach it to Maureen.

He toyed thoughtfully with his pen. He opened the drawer of his desk and took out a sheet or two of paper. He laid it before him—but could not decide what he was going to write. Out in the street—the monastery was in the heart of the residential district of a large city—he heard automobiles passing by—voices raised in greeting—children shouting to one another. They seemed thousands of miles away from him. He didn't need the world—he was happy without it—he wondered if his sister was happy in its midst.

Finally the sunshine, having grown dimmer and dimmer on the wall near the window, faded away. In the semi-darkness an inspiration seized him—and without stopping to put on the light he began to write.

The community bell was ringing out its call to meditation as he finished writing. He folded the letter, slipped it into an envelope and addressed it, and took it down the corridor and dropped it at the Prior's door. Then he turned into the dimly lighted chapel for his hour of prayer

II.

"Have you ever," said the little sister with the small, round, dimpled face tucked into her coif, and the sparkling blue eyes—"Have you ever thought of being—of being like your brother?"

Miss Maureen Shanley laughed gaily. They were standing together near the door of the convent taking leave of one another. She fitted her cute little blue hat to her bobbed head and pushed inside a few stray wisps of hair while she answered:

"Well, when I feel saintly enough, perhaps I will. You don't really think I'm good enough for that—do you, Sister?"

Sister Philomena tried to look serious. "I don't know, Maureen," she said, "but I think you'd make an awfully nice nun. Why don't you just take off your hat and stay?" She smiled to herself at the idea.

Again Maureen's laugh rang out. "Do you know, Sister," she said rather vainly, "this is about the sixth convent where I've been asked by one of the sisters to join. Perhaps some day I'll take one of you nuns up on that. But now I'm seeing the world—and I feel as though I'm getting what's coming to me out of life. We can't all be nuns." She did not believe that—but she said it anyway. She thought she could be one any time she wanted to.

"Oh, but you can't be happy, can you—" continued Sister Philomena, gravely, "in that kind of a life? That is—if you realize—if you remember—" She stopped, embarrassed. "I mean—isn't it rather dangerous?" Her voice lowered at the word.

"Why, Sister, I'm happy—that is—I'm satisfied—and I have plenty of distraction. As for danger—I have a saintly Carmelite brother praying for me—and I visit convents wherever I can find them—so why worry?" She moved towards the door. "I'll have to be off now—or I'll be late for the matinee. Good-bye, Sister."

"Good-bye, Maureen." Sister Philomena patted her on the back in a motherly way. "And be sure to come and see us again the next chance you get."

"I certainly shall," answered Maureen over her shoulder from the sidewalk as she hurried on. "Perhaps next time I'll come to join you," she added jokingly.

Maureen had no intention of entering the convent. It was Saturday afternoon—and she hurried down the crowded, sunlit streets and

entered the theatre at the stage door. She called out gayly to members of the company whom she passed hurriedly and went straight to the dressing room to prepare for the afternoon performance.

At the door of her room she paused. A letter was stuck behind the raised number on the door—addressed to her. She took it—looked at the hand-writing—and saw that it was from her brother. She smiled as she threw it on the table in her room. She would read it afterwards—no time for it now.

"Good old Michael," she thought, "I suppose he'll be making a few more broad hints to me about giving up the stage and so forth. He doesn't know the half of it."

She sang to herself while she dressed, and finally tripped down the stairs to the flies where they were already impatiently waiting for her. The act preceding hers had already begun. . . .

Maureen had an engagement with another girl after the matinee and forgot all about her brother's letter in her hurry to be off. With a little cry of gladness she remembered it when she returned to prepare for the evening performance and as she had still a little time after she was ready—she sat down on her trunk and tore open the long envelope and began to read.

With a happy smile she read through the usual greetings and little items of interest that Brother Michael had written; but as she read on, her face suddenly lost its smile—and she cocked her little head saucily at the letter. "What's this?" she said under her breath. This is what she read:

"I know, Maureen, that I have often annoyed you by telling you that you ought to give up the stage—or even that you'd be happy in a convent. I have changed my mind—and I think now that you had better stay where you are. I think your work is cut out for you—and I feel sure that you could never be a nun. You would not last one month in a convent—so it's no use thinking about it. I only hope that with all your travelling around and good times—you will always be like the model little girl I knew you to be in Ireland. You can do a lot of good where you are—so forget about the convent. You may be sure that it will never be mentioned to you again by

Your loving brother,

Michael, O.D.C.

Maureen sat and twisted the letter in her hands. She did not know

at first exactly what to make of it. She only knew that something seemed to break in her—something was shattered suddenly by the words she had read in Michael's letter. Perhaps it was a dream—a sort of distant vision of the peace and restfulness of convent life that she had always—as long back as she could remember—carried around with her as a future possibility.

Now she knew it was really that. Unconsciously her face took on a troubled expression. She had always wanted to be a nun. She even stamped her dainty foot with its sparkling dancing pump. She still wanted to be a nun. . . . Then she began to feel the tears. Her brother said she couldn't be one—that it wasn't the life for her—so it was all settled. She had to give up her dream.

She looked around the little dressing room. A sudden disgust for it and everything it contained swept over her. The pile of dirty rags over in the corner—with smears of paint on them. The outlay of powders and paints and face materials that stood scattered over the crude little dresser—with its one leg broken and supported by a soap box instead. The fluffy dancing dresses that hung in a row like a line-up of dolls from the hangers along the wall. It all looked so cheap—so tawdry—so worthless now. And she had played with it all for years—while she only joked about the dearest dream of her life. And now it was gone.

Suddenly voices sounded in the hall outside her room.

"Maureen! Mau--reen!"

She jumped from the trunk—dashed a bit of powder and rouge on her cheeks to hide the tear-marks—and ran out.

"What the devil's been keeping you!" said the manager, with an oath. "Quick—quick! You're late already." Maureen didn't care if the show was over without her.

Mechanically she went down the steps—through the back stage and the flies where reproachful glances were cast on her from all sides—and directly out on to the stage. Mechanically she went through her part of the act.

Her body acted mechanically—but a new train of thought was rushing through her mind. The foot-lights looked hideous—she wished somebody would turn them off. She looked down over the lights—a thing she had before delighted in doing—and out into the audience. Instead of only a sea of faces—her glance sought out individuals. She

saw one bald-headed man watching her intently with a curious, possessive air. She was furious in her mind—but knew he had a right to look as he pleased—she was, in a sense, his property while she danced on the stage. She looked elsewhere—and saw the same look in many faces and worse. Rebellion tore her soul.

She was glad when it was over. Her partner came up to her in the back of the stage, sympathetically. He couldn't help noticing the change in her.

"Bad news, Maureen?" he asked.

"No," she answered curtly.

"Sick?"

She did not answer—but rushed off to her room. That night tears blotted the coverlet of her bed in the hotel as she knelt beside it.

"Help me, God," she was crying out over and over in the darkness. "I won't hold back any more! I will be—I want to be a nun!"

III.

The voices of fifty or so nuns—novices, postulants and sisters—blended together in the Vesper chant and floated out through the open windows of the chapel of the convent. It seemed like an angel's chorus—rising and falling as praise greeted praise in the name of the Lord—to Maureen Shanley—as she stepped up to the door of the convent and rang the bell. She had not even hesitated about interrupting the nuns at prayer.

The Mother Superior came to the door herself. Maureen was known to her, and she smiled gladly in recognition and welcome.

"Can I speak to you a few moments, Mother," she asked, more serious than the good mother had ever seen her look before.

"Certainly, Maureen," answered Mother Alphonsa, "let's go out into the garden."

They walked slowly down the white gravel path before the convent—passing between the well-kept lawns and trim maples that made Maureen think of Paradise. The voices of the other nuns at choir grew fainter in the distance as they walked—and, Maureen thought, more heavenly. They turned off the gravel path in the center of the garden—and seated themselves on a bench beneath a white pergola with honeysuckle growing in wild and fragrant profusion over it.

"I have decided—" began Maureen, "that is—I would like to be a nun."

Mother Alphonsa was silent a moment—looking down at the breviary she held in her hand. Then she spoke.

"Don't you think, Maureen," she said, "that this is rather a sudden decision of yours—in so weighty a matter?"

Maureen's face glowed with her appeal. "But Mother, I am so tired of the life I am leading—of the crowds and acting and travelling and all. I was told years ago that I had a vocation—and now my life is being wasted." She plucked a twig of honeysuckle and picked nervously at the petals of the flowers.

"Why, the last time you were here—you seemed well satisfied with your life," continued Mother Alphonsa, "and after all those years of excitement and travel and so forth—do you think for a moment that you could stand the peace and quiet and monotony of a convent?"

"But that is just what I want," said Maureen, almost frantically. "I know I should have entered long ago—the priest who knew me in Ireland told me I ought to be a nun—that I would be some day—and I want to be one now. Mother!" she pleaded, "you don't know how I feel!"

The nun smiled understandingly. "I am afraid that's just it—I know exactly how you feel. This is just a passing desire of yours, Maureen, and I do not want to spoil your life by letting you do something you would soon regret. I am sure you would not last a month in a convent."

Maureen started—and she tried to choke back the tears. The nun was using the very words her brother had written to her! Was it true after all that she had thrown away a real vocation? She sat helpless, the picture of misery, while the nun went on.

"You just wait a few months, Maureen, and see if this desire that is only a few days old will not disappear. If it doesn't, try to leave the stage before you try the convent and see if you can do without it. If you find you can—then perhaps—perhaps you will be a nun after all."

The tears were blinding her as Maureen passed out of the little gate of the convent property. She had been refused—at least she took it as a refusal, and all she could think of was the fact that she had to go back again to the life she was beginning to hate with all her soul. She had to continue acting—to continue seeing those curious, examining

eyes of the crowd upon her—to continue wasting her days when she realized at last how well she might be using them.

Her two-year contract with the vaudeville company had but three weeks to run. That evening her manager came to her and presented her with the form of a new contract—for a three-year term and with an increased salary. She had only to sign her name . . . : She took it from him without a word.

The company moved to a different city the next day. Again in her new headquarters, Maureen went forth visiting the convents round about, and where before she had laughed over the idea of joining—this time she was the suppliant. But it was the same story over again. As soon as the sisters knew who she was, they treated her with every kind of respect and attention—but they openly hesitated about accepting her as a postulant. "Wait! Wait!" she heard from everybody—till she was sick of the word. She could not know that the sisters were only acting wisely; they were using sound judgment in doubting the solidity of Maureen's vocation; it might be only a passing whim. It caused misery untold to the little Irish actress; but it was the best probation in the world.

The days dragged on—and finally the last day of her three weeks under the old contract came around. The night before she decided what she was going to do. In a flood of tears she had knelt by her bed and asked God to hear her prayers. Then she had gotten up—took out her new contract and signed it to make her offering complete. Then she folded it and put it back in her purse before she went to bed.

The morning dawned—one of those peaceful, hopeful mornings when the subdued sunlight holds out promises for the day that is to follow. Maureen was up early. Out of the bottom of her trunk she took an old plain dress—one of the first she had worn in America—with its faded color—its rather long skirt—and its close fitting collar. She put that on—and then fixed her hair as simply and unattractively as she could. She left her face without paint or powder. In a little bag she placed a few necessary things;—and with a plain black hat on her head—and the bag swinging in her hand she passed out of the hotel. She had placed her new contract in the bosom of her dress.

About a mile outside of the city, Maureen had learned, there was a little convent and orphanage of the same order of sisters who had taught in her home-parish in Ireland. With the morning sun beating down on

her and the dust gathering on her shoes and filling her eyes—she walked through the city—only stopping at a church for Mass—and out across the country roads. From a hill-top, she first saw the convent—a small, unpretentious building—nestling in a little valley—surrounded by tall, protecting trees—and with a little stream of smoke stealing from the chimney. Her heart beat a little faster as she quickened her steps.

Before long she stood at the door. All the years of travel and social culture and worldly education seemed to have dropped from her as she stood there—very much alone in the fresh sunlight—waiting for one of the sisters to come and answer the door. She was again only a tired, simple little Irish maiden—asking a favor from the favored children of the Lord.

A nun came to the door—and ushered Maureen into the bare but clean little parlor of the convent. After a few brief words she went to call the Mother.

Almost without introduction, Maureen began her plea.

"Mother," she said, "I want to ask a favor of you." In surprise, the Mother looked down at this little girl who was pleading with her in so earnest, so compelling a fashion. She could not know all what was behind poor Maureen's words. "All I ask is that you will let me work for you," she went on, "I want to help in the kitchen or in the laundry or anyplace. I do not want to be a nun—I am not worthy to be one—but will you let me work for the sisters, Mother?"

"But child—" the Mother began, entirely perplexed.

"Oh, Mother, please don't ask me any questions. I just want to find the peace I know is here. I'm so tired of the world . . . Have the sisters call me just 'Mary'—and let me work for them and for the children. You'll try me out, anyway, Mother, won't you? You won't send me away—and maybe some day you'll let me be a sister."

The old Mother Superioreess was not without her store of wisdom and discernment. Quickly she appraised Maureen—quickly she came to her decision.

She did not speak. She only reached out and put her arm around Maureen's shoulder—and together they passed through the door of the enclosure. . . .

An hour later Maureen was in the kitchen—helping the cook, Sister Regina, prepare dinner for the sisters and the orphans in their

charge. As the girl stood over the stove, Sister Regina saw her do a strange thing.

Out of the bosom of her dress she took a folded piece of paper—and opened it for just a glance. With a sudden move she lifted the cover from the stove and stuffed the paper down into the fire. It was burned in an instant. . . .

With a smile, Maureen turned to Sister Regina and asked her what she was to do. . . .

IV.

Several months had passed.

The late afternoon sunlight burnished the stained-glass windows of St. Matthew's Church with gold that shaded off into silver—and crept down the alley between Church and monastery. Again before it was cut off—it made a quick turn into a window—and found itself reflected brightly on the wall of Brother Michael's Carmelite cell.

At the bare little table sat the monk—a smile lighting up his ascetic features. Before him lay a letter just received from his sister—and beside it was a photograph. Not an old and worn photograph this time—but a crisp and shining new one. It was a picture of his sister—decked out in the simple habit of a postulate nun. Her eyes were smiling—and the face was the picture of peace.

Brother Michael took out a few sheets of paper and began to write. The words flowed unhaltingly. He smiled continually while he wrote. He had never written an easier nor a happier letter in his life.

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Two years ago, in the December Novena, I promised you a public acknowledgment if you would obtain for me a very special favor. I was nearly crippled from rheumatism in my feet. The first exercise of the Novena I did not know how I could reach the Church; and, not wishing to disclose to my companion who made the Novena with me my real condition, I took advantage of stopping at every shop window, under pretext of admiring the goods exhibited, while in fact I was almost unable to go on. But in my heart I was beseeching our Mother of Perpetual Help to grant that my feet would be cured. I attended every service, each time with less difficulty; and since then it has been only on rare occasions that my feet have troubled me.



Archconfraternity OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

THE MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE

"Mary says: 'I am the Mother of fair love'; that is to say, she is the Mother of that love which beautifies souls. St. Mary of Pazzi saw the Most Blessed Virgin Mary going about dispensing a sweet liquid which was divine love. This gift is dispensed only by Mary; from Mary let us seek it." (Visits of St. Alphonsus: IV).

This vision of St. Mary of Pazzi corresponds with the praises of those saints who lived a long time before her day. It likewise is the expression of our own innermost thoughts and sentiments regarding Our Blessed Mother.

As Mother of Christ, she is the Mother of God. And as a true Mother of God, she has nothing more at heart than that we give to God the honor which is due His Immensity and His Greatness. Again, as Mother of Christ, she is most anxious that the great sacrifice of her Son be not only known by us, but that it be thought of by each and everyone of us at all times; that we not only think of that Passion and of all that suffering; but that the Passion and Suffering leave us loving more and more Him who died for our salvation. Mary desires nothing more than to see us love Jesus, and love Him because He opened to us heaven—which had been closed by sin. Is not this the way of Fair Love?

Then, when we consider that Jesus gave her to us as a mother in that last great hour, we surely must acknowledge that she has always fulfilled her office of mother in our regard. A mother desires that her children should love those whom she herself regards so highly, and she will lend her every effort to make her children see others just as she sees them. Hence, Mary has nothing more at heart than to see us love Jesus as much as she herself loved Him. She teaches us that love by her life; she instills that love by the favors she obtains through her

intercession. To us, then, she is the Mother of Fair Love because she is the Mother of Perpetual Help—that Mother who is forever helping both the sinner and the saint to realize and to appreciate the Goodness of her Son.

We can well afford to often repeat the prayer of St. Alphonsus: "Mother, show thyself my mother, and make me love more intimately the divine Son." Even holy Mother Church sings this same refrain in one of her Vesper antiphons: "Monstra te esse matrem": "show thyself a Mother."

In the Litany of the Mother of Perpetual Help we pray: That I may love God with my whole heart: Come to my aid, O loving Mother! Such an invocation, oft repeated, is sure to appeal to the heart of this good Mother. This invocation is sure to move her to obtain for us an increase of the Love of God. And this love will makes us ever more resigned to His holy will in the dark moments of life, and will make us more grateful in the moments of visible blessing. Yes, let us love the Great Love Who loved us so much as to give His life for us. Let us love His Mother and ask Her to make us love Him.

Mary is the "Daughter of God the Father." A dutiful daughter wishes to see her father loved and revered by all men. And Mary can be no exception to this so natural affection of a child for its father.

She is likewise the Spouse of the Holy Ghost. An earthly spouse loves and wishes to see love for him whom she would have for her own. So, too, Mary would have us love the Holy Ghost, the Giver of all good gifts.

And with Mary, the wish is the inspiration of Her gifts. Hence, she will gladly make us lovers with a fair love—if we ask her for that love which beautifies souls: the Love of God.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Fathers: I wish to acknowledge publicly that through the intercession of Our Mother of Perpetual Help my petitions have been partly fulfilled, and I am making another novena. But I am so grateful I secured financial aid when in dire need that I want to send in a small donation for a holy Mass. I am a member of the Archconfraternity.—Detroit.

Enclosed please find offering with which I wish to give thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help for obtaining for me a safe and normal delivery.

I promised to have this published in order to encourage others in this wonderful devotion. I pray continually to Our Mother of Perpetual Help and have been granted many favors.—Milwaukee.

* * *

Enclosed please find offering which I promised to send in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help in thanksgiving for a favor received.—Chicago.

* * *

My dearest Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for all the favors I have received. I have attended every Tuesday Novena since last May, and I am still praying with confidence for a financial favor. If this important and necessary favor is granted, my dearest Mother, I promise to have five Masses said for the Poor Souls and always to spread devotion to and have recourse to you.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I want to thank you for a temporal favor recently received. For nearly a month I was seeking employment, without success. Then, thanks to you, dear Mother, I obtained a position which I had been hoping for. Now, my dear Mother, I am asking of you a special favor, which I trust will soon be granted.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: Accept my heartfelt thanks for the many favors you have granted me, especially for a spiritual favor which I asked for when I began this Novena. I have been praying for some time for the return of a fallen-away Catholic, but I have not given up hope, as I feel positive, dear Mother, that through your intercession Our Lord will grant this petition. I ask that two others may become more practical Catholics. I also ask for the grace of a happy death for each member of our family. I will try to spread devotion to you, dear Mother, and will also have a Mass said in your honor as often as possible.

* * *

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you publicly for what you have done for us. It was a great help to us. I will do all in my power to spread devotion to you.

Catholic Anecdotes

CONTENTMENT

In the royal palace of King Louis XVI at Versailles, a young lad was employed in the service of the kitchen. One day the king passed by, and noticing the boy for the first time, he saw that he was of a very bright and cheerful disposition. "This boy," he thought, "is worthy of better work than this. I will examine him."

"Where do you come from," asked the king, "and what are your duties here?"

"I am from Berry," replied the boy. "My name is Stephen, and I am employed here as kitchen-help."

"How much do you earn?"

"I earn as much as the king."

The king, unrecognized, smiled. "And how much does the king earn?" he asked.

"As much as he needs," the boy said gaily, "and that's as much as I earn, too."

The king was thoughtful as he walked away. After all—what more did the boy need—who had learned so well the secret of contentment.

FOR THE LOVE OF A NAME

During the persecution of the Emperor Severus, St. Perpetua was thrown into prison on the charge of being a Christian. Her father, though still a pagan, loved her dearly, and he hurried to the prison and begged her not to acknowledge herself a Christian when she would be brought to trial.

Perpetua felt her father's sorrow deeply—but she merely pointed to a jug standing near and asked him:

"What is this thing, father?"

"Why," he answered, not understanding the meaning of her question, "It is a jug."

"Can I call it anything other than what it really is?" she asked further.

"No," was the reply.

"Well then," she added, "neither can I call myself anything other than I really am. I am a Christian."

The brave woman persevered and died for her faith.

FROM THE LIPS OF BABES

A native nun found her on the banks of the Yellow River in China—dying of cold and hunger and exposure. The Sisters took her into the hospital and nursed her slowly but surely back to happiness and health. Through her big, wide-open eyes the Christian faith and the love of God gently found their way into the heart of the little eight year old girl whose name was Joei.

Joei was made a member, of course, of the instruction class under the missionary. But her memory was very poor—and she had a difficult time of it understanding and remembering the things that were taught her. So when the class for First Communion was chosen, Joei was told that she would have to wait.

They thought that Joei would not understand—and would not care—but they soon began to notice a change in their little charge. Instead of playing at recreation time with the other children as had been her wont—Joei began spending her time in the little Chapel. One day the pastor found her there and quietly approached the little form. He heard her repeating over and over the name of "Jesus."

"What are you doing, Joei?" he asked.

"I am visiting the Blessed Sacrament," she answered.

"Visiting the Blessed Sacrament!" exclaimed the priest, "why, you don't even know what the Blessed Sacrament is!"

"It's my Jesus," murmured Joei.

"Well, what are you asking of your Jesus?"

Then, without unclasping her hands or turning her head, the child with tears in her eyes, answered in an inimitable voice:

"I'm asking Jesus to give me Jesus."

Little Joei was admitted to First Communion.

Pointed Paragraphs

LENT

We have all perhaps seen the picture represented so often by painters which embodies the legend of the shadow of the cross. In it, the boy Jesus is seen returning to His Mother after a short absence from her. The evening sun is shining brightly—and as He draws near to Mary—He opens wide His little arms, ready to embrace Her.

But suddenly the joy of welcome in Mary's heart is stilled—and the piercing sword strikes home again. For there on the ground before her—in the shadow cast by the stretched out arms of Her Only Son—is the figure of the cross!

Lent is on us once again. It, too, speaks to us of a return—of a coming back, or at least a drawing closer to God and Mary and the good things of grace and love we may have wandered from through the coursing of the year. But in the journey back to God that Lent implies, we too will find upon the ground before us the shadow and the figure of the cross! Through mortification and sacrifice alone can that journey be made. Lent is the cross on the ground before us; beyond it is Easter morn. Shall we approach the cross and earn the resurrection? Or shall we turn aside from both again?

SUBSTITUTES FOR FASTING

There are always some who for various reasons are not able to keep the fast; others, too, who are uncertain. Let them see their confessor at the beginning of Lent—at the very beginning, and have their case settled.

For such there are many substitutes for fasting, within the power of the weakest and busiest.

The Religious Bulletin for the students of Notre Dame offered the following notice:

"As substitute penances for those dispensed from fasting during Lent, these suggestions are offered:

1. Daily Communion and daily Mass. For the benefit of off-campus students there will be a daily Mass on week days in Sorin Chapel at seven.
2. Cut out dancing. If you stop whirling around, your brain may settle.
3. Correct bad habits, especially profanity and drinking.
4. Give your sacrifice savings to some worthy cause.
5. Study. That's a smart penance. It will fool folks.
6. Visit the Blessed Sacrament. Your hall chapels need adorers. Don't cut out smoking and start chewing; don't wear a hair shirt, and backbite your neighbor. Be yourself."

The tone of the notice is quite virile. It is straight talk. It will do for anybody. For No. 5, you can substitute: Work—do your duties better than ever. That, too, is a smart penance and will, perhaps, fool folks.

LAYING THE BLAME

Father Francis J. Lane, the Catholic chaplain of the New York State Reformatory, recently published his annual prison report—and it contains a very pertinent indictment against fathers and mothers—especially Catholic fathers and mothers—who are neglecting the moral and religious training of their children.

"The principal occasion," says Father Lane, "for the beginning of the ruin of the youth of today is the pool-room, the 'speakeasy,' and the roadhouse. In the larger cities of the State, these breeding places of crime may be found within almost every business block of the city. Three hundred of the four hundred and two Catholic young men received at the Reformatory admitted and even boasted of having been regular and even frequent visitors to these dens of vice."

We hear a lot, these days, about these evils of the "speakeasy" and the "roadhouse." They are leading our young people astray by the hundreds. Crimes of all sorts among the young—are related in the newspapers as connected with the midnight party at the roadhouse—the stop-over made where "you can get good stuff." Yet how long would these evils exist—how long would they thrive—if parents, who, we will take it for granted, do not want to see their sons and daugh-

ters go astray—took care to know where they were spending their evenings and what they were doing?

Father Lane's report goes on:

"After interviewing hundreds of these fathers and mothers—they would admit that they did not know of their son's 'hang-out' until notified by the police that their boy was locked up."

Why? They would tell you, I suppose, that it is old-fashioned to tie down the young too closely; that it is not being done. Yet it is not the old-fashioned—if this is being old-fashioned—who are awakened in the small hours of the morning by a telephone call announcing that their boy is in jail.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

Recently we quoted figures in these columns showing the marked advances made by Catholicism in missionary lands. While the figures are encouraging, there is another side to the picture that supplies the motive for continued support of the missions contained in the thought of what a great deal is yet to be done.

"At the present rate of increase in the number of converts," says a report in the *Catholic Citizen*, "There would not be a Catholic majority in China till the year 7000, or in Japan until the year 62000."

That seems to mean that there is still very very much to be done—and it brings back echoes again of the Saviour's words: "Go—preach the Gospel to all nations." If every Catholic were to become a missionary, at least by prayer, perhaps by material support, and a larger number by actual service—it is certain that a much nearer date would soon be fixed as the time for the fulfillment of the Christian ideal in pagan lands.

Are there no more Francis Xavier's in our midst?

A LESSON IN CITIZENSHIP

Speaking over the radio recently, former Governor Al Smith in forcible terms and with his usual clarity of reasoning, outlined the duties of a citizen. Among other things he said:

"First of all, people have the right to express their choice of candidates for the various offices to be filled on every election day. No office

is too small or unimportant to warrant a faithful citizen in remaining away from the polls. In the state of New York hundreds of thousands of people only vote at presidential elections. How can they claim to have any interest in the government of the state or its civil divisions when for three out of four years they refuse to participate in the elections.

"People who are not sufficiently interested to cast a ballot, certainly cannot be interested in any operation of government."

But, "casting a ballot is only the beginning of what people ought to know about their government. Democratic representative government is based on the theory that those elected to the law-making bodies of the state are the direct representatives of the people residing in the districts in which they are elected. . . . It follows, naturally, that if representative government is to be a success, a citizen should make it his business to communicate his wishes to his representative. . . . That applies not only to the State legislators, but to the national legislature and just as much to the members of the Board of Aldermen. . . .

"Active participation," he continues, "in what is going on, involves the reading of newspapers, reading books on government, keeping oneself informed as to what is happening in Congress, in the State legislature and in the local government bodies. . . ."

HOW HE KNEW THAT AL WAS PRESIDENT

The following, which appears under a speech of Senator Wheeler in the Congressional Record, and which has been widely copied, is too good to be missed.

A foreign-born in New York applied for naturalization papers.

"Judge," he said, "I would like to become an American."

"Very well," replied the judge. "But before I can make your papers out you will have to answer these questions."

"All right, Judge."

"Who is the mayor of New York?"

"Mr. Jimmy Walker, Your Honor."

"Very good. And who is the governor of this State?"

"Mr. Roosevelt."

"Very good again. Now tell me who is the president?"

Catholic Events

In a letter which the Holy Father addressed on February 8, to Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of Rome, he ordered solemn services of reparation for the Soviet persecution and proscription of religion for the Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church (March 19). The Holy Father invited the whole Christian world to participate in the public act of reparation and to pray for the restoration of religious freedom to the persecuted people of Russia.

He recalled his continued anxiety, his efforts at conciliation, the course of the Papal relief work, and the long series of outrages on the part of the Soviets culminating in the blasphemies and desecration of the last Christmas season in Russia.

The letter was widely quoted in the secular and religious press, and found immediate echo in the Anglican Church Convocations in England, and in a joint meeting of Protestants, Jews and Orthodox in Paris.

* * *

An annual survey of the world missions of the Catholic Church reveals among others, the following facts:

The multiplication of mission territories has continued at the same pace, the most rapid which the history of the Church has ever registered. From March, 1922, to March, 1929, 78 new missions were created. In 1929 alone we count 23 additions, with the consecration of two more Chinese bishops.

Missionary recruits have never been so numerous.

The 54,000,000 lire gathered by the Propagation of the Faith in 1928, marked an advance of 7,000,000 lire over the 1927 income.

In the mission fields themselves we may distinguish two general trends and several particular situations.

The first trend to be noticed is the recrudescence, often strongly aggressive, of non-Christian religions. Hinduism is conquering important sections of the Punjab. Japanese Buddhism, under the propaganda of Nichi Hongwanji, is proving very active in the Pacific and throughout the whole Japanese Diaspora, even gaining a few Americans. Islam is advancing in Africa.

The second notable trend is the methodic development of native clergy and of native congregations. In China, of the fifteen large regional seminaries planned, 12 either have been completed or are under construction. Burma founded her regional seminary at Tounjoo, January 14. At Patna, India, as at Marianhill, South Africa, and Suan-hwafu, in China, native congregations have furnished their first professions. One begins to see almost everywhere the first fruits of prolonged efforts accentuated during the last ten years.

It is becoming ever more clear that Africa is moving rapidly and that the barque of ancient fetishism is foundering. In the Cameroons, the progress of Catholicity is enormous; the whole country is on the march towards the Church. . . .

In Bangueolo, Rhodesia, the Vicar Apostolic estimates that in 25 years there will be no pagans left in this area. This will undoubtedly be true for much of black Africa.

In China, despite the woes and the famine, which have spared neither the inhabitants nor the missionaries, the Catholic Church is consolidating herself and is progressing.

In India, despite the intense political situation and the excessive dimensions of the diocese of the north, Catholic progress can be recorded.

Migrations which so often hinder the apostolate, sometimes favor the Faith; the Japanese in Brazil show themselves very approachable and the government at Tokyo is very sympathetic in this matter.

* * *

First place in the whole world for interest in foreign missions is held by the diocese of Strasburg. Strasburg gives most money to the Holy Childhood Society; it is among the first for supporting the Association for the Propagation of the Faith; and it provides the greatest number of missionaries.—Twelve Prefects Apostolic are natives of the diocese. Strasburg has sent 1,200 missionaries abroad and has 1,200 priests within its boundaries.

* * *

The Academy of the Holy Names, Tampa, Florida, received the gold medal award for the best exhibition in the department of fine arts of the South Florida fair by any college or art association in Florida, and Sister Antoinette of the Academy was first in the professional class for the best work in oils, in water colors, pastels and in charcoal. Dr. D. C. Deedera took second in oils.

* * *

An Anglican clergyman who won the Military Cross for gallantry in the World War has been received into the Church at Heythrop College, Chipping Norton, England. He is Daniel Octavius Davies, who was ordained in the Anglican ministry only in 1928 and was curate at St. Mary's Church in Denbighshire.

* * *

A Catholic priest played an active and important role in the campaign of eradication waged against the Mediterranean fruit fly, which has created such havoc in Florida fruit. Moreover, this same priest is making available to Florida, information which may prove to be of invaluable assistance if that state suffers another visitation of the fruit fly or of any similar crop pest.

The priest is Father Hugh O'Neill, a Benedictine, of St. Anselm's Priory, Washington, D. C. He has charge of the herbarium at the Catholic University of America, and, beginning with the 1930 summer session, will teach courses in botany and plant physiology at the University.

A gift of a million dollars is announced by the heirs of Firmin Desloge, pioneer Missouri mining magnate, for the erection of a hospital for persons of moderate means, to be built in St. Louis, Mo., and to be administered by the School of Medicine of St. Louis University (Jesuit) and the Sisters of St. Mary. Mr. Desloge attended the University with his brother in the sixties, and the names of members of the family have appeared in the university catalogues ever since as students. The hospital will contain 300 beds, of which 100 will be free.

* * *

Admiral Yamamoto is undoubtedly one of the foremost figures in the Catholic Church of the Orient today. He was once a pupil of the Brothers of Mary in Japan, and became a convert while under their direction. He applied for admission to the society, but Very Rev. Father Heinrich, the Provincial, thought that the distinguished convert would be able to do more for the Faith by remaining in the world. The admiral married and has two sons who have already obtained his consent to become Brothers of Mary. While Admiral Yamamoto was in the navy he never failed to practice his religion, though this was by no means easy in the midst of his pagan fellow officers.

* * *

The maintenance of the parochial school system in the Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, means a saving to taxpayers of more than \$20,000,000 annually,—the annual report of the superintendent of Catholic schools asserts.

The total enrollment, says the report,—in the elementary, high school and college departments of the Catholic archdiocese during the year 1928-1929 was 214,219 pupils.

This large enrollment has special significance for our Catholic people at a time when throughout the country speakers and writers on taxation and public expenditures are calling attention to the steadily rising cost of public school education. It is even more significant in the city of Chicago where the increase in expenditure for public school education presents a serious problem.

"According to data gathered by the United States Bureau of Statistics in 1927, the cost of educating a pupil per year in the State of Illinois was \$70. This figure did not include the cost of the building and maintenance of school plants.—On this basis, the maintenance of the parochial school system in Chicago means a saving to taxpayers of more than \$20,000,000 a year."

There are 394 elementary schools, 66 high schools, four colleges, and two universities in the system.

* * *

Throughout the year President von Hindenburg of Germany keeps a motto on his desk. It reads: "Ora et Labora"—that is "Pray and Work." This old device of the Benedictine monks has been, the president says, the creed of his life. Furthermore his father had this same motto on his desk. Wilhelm Marx, former Chancellor, is authority for the information about President von Hindenburg.

Some Good Books

You and Your Children. By Rev. Paul Hanley Fursey, Ph.D. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 180 pages. Price \$1.50.

St. John Chrysostom, as Dr. Fursey reminds us, says in one of his homilies that the art of forming characters in the child is far more excellent than the art of the painter or the sculptor. For whereas they work with paint or marble, he who has charge of the young works with living flesh and blood. Their masterpieces consist of canvas or stone. His products are living breathing human beings. It ought to be an inspiring thought to the Catholic parent to realize that by wise and consistent discipline he is able to mould souls, beautiful with Sanctifying Grace, masterpieces far above the most extravagant dreams of any artist.

That gives you an idea of the spirit in which this book is conceived. It is not exhaustive—and yet it is quite complete—considering most of the relations and problems with children that family life presents—even to a list of books for children or for a family library; this I think is a distinct service.

Dr. Fursey takes the best out of scientific findings in regard to child training and supplements it with the teachings of our Holy Faith. The sub-title of the book says: A Book for Catholic Parents, Priests and Educators. And I believe it is a book they will be glad to have.

The Passion. A sheaf of sermons selected from the writings of Rt. Rev. Paul W. Von Keppler, late Bishop of Rottenburg. Adapted from the German by August F. Brockland. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. 237 pages. Price \$1.75.

Bishop Keppler was one of the most popular preachers of our time in Germany—and rightly so, for his sermons are not only eloquent, they are packed with fresh, vigorous, fervent thought that lends new interest and power to our reflections on the Passion of Our Lord.

The translator has done his work well and he has done very well in giving this book to English readers. Priests will be able to use it very well for sermons; others, if they are looking for a good book for Lenten reading, will, I feel sure, be glad to use this book.

The Christian Life. Compiled from the works of St. Augustine. By the Rev. Anthony Touma-Barthet, O.S.A. Translated from the second Latin Edition by the Rev. J. F. McGowan, S.T.B., O.S.A. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati. XVIII and 670 pages. Price \$3.00

On the great question of life probably no one has written so understandingly and so forcibly as St. Augustine. His reflections are not only the fruit of genius but also of the experience of a long and winding path to the goal.

There is here a simplicity and directness that reminds one of the *Imitation of Christ* by a Kempis; there is a similarity in the manner of punctuation in brief, pointed sentences; and there is the fervor and unction of the Saint who was known for his "Great Heart".

The price of the book may prevent its becoming as popular as it deserves.

A Traveler in Disguise: A Story of the Blessed Sacrament. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 5 cents.

With the aid of a beautiful little allegorical story, Father Lord brings home the lesson to be learned by Catholic hearts from the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. A pamphlet well worth the few minutes it takes to read it.

A Short Life in the Saddle: The Story of St. Stanislaus. By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

This pamphlet offers a brief sketch of the life of St. Stanislaus under cover of a letter written to him. Applications to modern modes and conditions are aptly and strikingly made.

Some Good Books

Sponsa Regis. A Monthly Review Devoted to the Catholic Sisterhoods. Founded and edited by the monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

Our Catholic Sisterhoods will naturally be interested in this magazine. And the leadership of the Benedictine Fathers will be guarantee enough for its excellence.

A Course in Religion for Catholic High Schools and Academies. Part V. Church History, Section I. *The Ancient Church to the beginning of the Pontificate of Gregory the Great.* A.D. 590. By the Rev. John Laux M.A. VIII and 173 pages. Price, heavy paper covers, 96c. To schools, 72c.

History is one of the most important and it may be one of the most fruitful educational helps in the school curriculum. It, almost more than any other branch, has the power to reach directly the heart of the pupil—the sources, so to speak, of ideals and character.

While therefore, we are insistent on the study of the history of our country, in order to make the pupils better citizens, we ought to be equally insistent that they go out from the school familiar with the history of the Church.

Father Laux gives us not only a complete and yet not too lengthy a survey of the whole period from the beginning of the Church to the year 590—but succeeds in combining many other features that make his book worthy of high commendation. I like especially the predominance of biographical material and the richness of anecdote.

The price is very low and further reductions are offered for introduction.

Fashionable Sin: A Modern Discussion of an Unpopular Subject. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

Solid truths, a forceful, sometimes trenchant style, and very pertinent applications combine to make this little pamphlet a veritable missionary. It strikes at the heart of the materialistic and hedonistic principles of the age.

Prodigals and Christ: A Study of God's Gentle Forgiveness. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

Another of Father Lord's inimitable pamphlets. It pictures the divine aspects of the Church's exercise of the forgiving power, as set against the narrow, human criticism of it as a blot on her proclaimed holiness. Also it cannot but carry the message of possible forgiveness to even the lowest sinner into whose hands the pamphlet may happen to fall.

Don't Say It!: What Gossips, Male and Female, Do to the World. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

Father Hall is heard discussing the sin of detraction with the refreshing Bradley family in this new pamphlet. Every phase of the moral doctrine on detraction is touched on and illuminated, and many little practical points are very effectively made. The story-style of the pamphlet makes it very easy reading, and its applicability renders it deserving of wide circulation.

Come Holy Spirit: Meditations, Novenas and Prayers in Honor of the Holy Ghost together with Mass and Communion Devotions. Compiled and edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by Benziger Bros. Price —.

Father Lasance needs no introduction as an author of devotional literature. His prayer books are widely known and used. The purpose of this new prayer-book is, as he says in the foreword, to cultivate in the hearts of the faithful a special, practical, every-day devotion to the Holy Ghost in accordance with the expressed wish of Pope Leo XIII. Both for its selections and arrangement the book should well fulfill its purpose. An especially admirable feature is its collection of extracts on the reasons for and the nature of our devotion to the Holy Ghost.

Lucid Intervals

"Darling, is it done when the knife breaks inside?" asked the husband who had been asked to try the cake in the oven.

You say that after you graduate you will be working ten hours a day? Why, I wouldn't think of such a thing." "I didn't. It was the employer who thought of it."

"Don't put perfume on your handkerchief. It is poor taste."

"Well, don't worry. I am not going to eat it."

A man was told by his doctor that if he laughed 15 minutes every day before meals his condition would improve.

One day in a restaurant, while having his laugh, a man at the opposite side of the table walked over and said angrily, "What are you laughing at?"

"Why, I'm laughing for my liver," he replied.

"Well, then," said the other, "I guess I'd better start laughing also. I ordered mine half an hour ago."

Landlord: This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive.

Prospective Boarder: I suppose those spots on the wall are results of his experiments.

Landlord: Well, indirectly, yes. You see, that's the chemist!

Judge—"It will go hard with you this time, Sambo, you look as if you have been drinking again."

Sambo—"Yes, sah, Judge, dat's sho' am pow'-ful stuff Ah had. It was dat dere chicken hootch."

"Chicken hootch! Why, I have never heard of that before."

"Yes, sah, Judge, chicken hootch. One drink and you lay."

"Smith is a man who takes his hat off to nobody."

"How does he get his hair cut?"

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered: "What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe, but mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

Mose Melonwater went for a ride in an airplane. When he came down he said to the pilot: "Thank yo' boss, fo' dem two rides."

"Two rides?" said the aviator. You've only had one!"

"No, sah" exclaimed the negro, "Ah had two—mah fust and mah last."

"Rastus say Pahson Brown done kotch him in Farmer Smith's chicken coop."

"M-m, boy! Don' Rastus feel 'shamed?"

"Nossuh. De pahson am de one feel shamed. He kain't 'spain how he done kotch Rastus dar."

A fat woman elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one person and then another. Finally she gave one nearby man an unusually hard thump, and said:

"Say, does it make any difference which car I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he said.

Teacher—What is you father's occupation?

Billie—He's a worm imitator.

Teacher—Mercy sakes, what on earth is that?

Billie—He bores holes in furniture for an antique dealer.

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote Willie, afterward, "is about as large as teacher."

Abe—"Do you play golluf vit knickers?"

Levi—"No, vit white people."

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